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THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

EXEMPLIFIED IN VARIOUS

Dialogues, Tales, & Songs,

APPLICABLE TO THE COUNTY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A GLOSSARY

OF

SUCH WORDS AS ARE LIKELY NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD

BY

THOSE UNACQUAINTED WITH THE DIALECT.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

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SPECIMENS
OF
THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT,
BY WAY OF DIALOGUE, &c.

MARGERY AND GULWELL;

A Dialogue between GULWELL, a London Register Office Keeper, and MARGERY MOORPOOT, a Country Girl.

Mar. Sur, an a body may be sa bowld. Ah's cum te ax an ye've sped about t'woman sarvant at ye advertahs'd for?

Gul. I have not; come nearer, young woman.

Mar. Let me steyk t'deer first, an ye please.

Gul. What country woman are you?

Mar. Ah's Yorkshur by mah truly? Ah wor bred and boorn at Lahtle Yatton, aside o'Roseberry Toppin.

Gul. Roseberry Toppin! where is that, my pretty maid?

Mar. Sartainly man! ye knaw Roseberry? Ah thought onny feeal hed knawn Roseberry. It's t'biggest hill i' all Yorkshur. It's aboon a mahle an' a hawf heegh, and as cawd as ice at t'top on't, t'yattest day i' summer; that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service, I suppose?

Mar. Hey, Ah'll uphold ye hev E, ivver sin E wor neen year awd. Nea makkins! Ah'd a god's-penny at Stowseley market, hawf a year afoore'at E wor neen: an' as good a sarvant Ah've been, thof Ah say it mysel, as ivver com within a pair o' deers. Ah can milk, kern, fother, beeak, brew, sheer, winder, caird, spin, knit, sew, an' deea ivvery thing 'at belangstiv an husbandman, as weell as onny lass 'at ivver ware clog-shun; an' as to my charicter, Ah defy onny boddy, gentle or simple, to say black's mah nail.

Gul. Have you been in any service in London?

Mar. Hey, an' ye please. Ah liv'd wi' Madam Shrillpipe, i' St. Paul's Kirk Garth; but wor foorc'd to leeave mah pleece afoor' at I'd been a week o'days in't.

Gul. How so?

Mar. Marry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me oot o' mah wits. She wor t' arrentest scaud 'at ivver E met wi' i' my boorn days. She had sartainly sike a tongue as nivver wor i' onny woman's heead but her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a larum, frae moorn t' neeght. Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, that her feeace wad be as black as t' reckon creak. Neea, for t' matter o' that, Ah wor nobbut reeghtly sarrad ; for Ah wor tell'd afoorehand, by some varra sponsible fowk, 'at she wor a mere donnot. Hoosumivver, as Ah fand mah munny grow less and less ivvery day, (for Ah'd brought mah good siven an' twenty shillings to neen groats and two-pence,) Ah thowght it wad be better to tak' up wi' a bad pleace, than no pleace at all.

Gul. And how do you like London ?

Mar. Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set o' fowk as E nivver seed wi' my een. They laugh and fleer at a body like onny thing. Ah went nobbut t' other day t' t' beeaker's shop for a leaf o' bread, an' they fell a giggling at me, as in Ah'd been yan o' t' grittest gawvisons i' t' world.

Gul. Pray, what is a gawvison ?

Mar. Whah you're a gawvison for nut knawing what it is. Ah thowght you Lunnoners hed knawn ivvery thing. A gawvison's a ninny-hammer. Noo d'ye think 'at Ah leak ought like a gawvison ?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Mar. They may brag as they will o' ther manners, but they've ne mair manners than a milner's horse. Ah can tell 'em that, that Ah can. Ah wish I'd been still at Canny-Yatton.

Gul. As you had so great a liking to the plaee, why did you leave it ?

Mar. Marry, sur, Ah wor foorc'd, as yan may say, to leeave; t' squire wad'nt let me be ; by mah truly, sur, he wor efter me moorn, neean, an' neeght. If Ah wad but hae consented tiv his wicked ways, Ah mud hae hed gowd by gowpins, that Ah mud. Leeak ye, squire, says Ah, your'r mistakken i' me; Ah's neean o'ther soort o' cattle ; Ah's a varteous young woman, Ah'll asseer ye : ye'er other fowk's fowk ;--wad ye be sike a teeastril as te ruin me ? But all wadn't deea ; he kept follo'in' an' follo'in', an' teazin' an' teazin' me. At lang run, Ah tell'd my awd deeam, an' she advahs'd me to gang to Lun'on, to be out ov hiz way, that she did, like an honest woman as she wor,

Ah went to my cousin Isbel, an' says Ah tiv her, Isbel, says Ah, will t' gowa to Lunnon? Ah tell'd t' yal affair atween me an' t' squire, Odsbobs, my lass, says she, Ah'll gang wi' thee to t' world's end. An' away we com i' good earnest.

Gul. It was a very *varteous* resolution. Pray how old are you?

Mar. Ah's neenteen come Collop-Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a house-keeper's place?

Mar. Ah's flay'd Ah can't mannish't, if it beeant in a husbandman's house.

Gul. It is a very substantial farmer's, in Buckinghamshire. I am sure you will do; I will set you down for it. Your name.

Mar. Margery Moorpoot, an' ye pleease.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Neea, makkings! Ah knaw nowght o' speldring; Ah's nea scholard.

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this evening. What wages do you ask?

Mar. Neea, marry, for t' matter o' that, Ah wad'nt be ower stiff about wages.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. Our fee is only a shilling for a common place; but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Mar. There's twee shillings, an' yan, twee, three, four, fahve, six penn'orth o' brass, wi' a thoosand thenks. A blessing leeght o' ye, for Ah's seer ye'er t'best friend Ah've met wi' sin E com fra' Canny Yatton, that are ye. When mun E call ageean, sur?

Gul. About the middle of next week.

Mar. Sur, an ye pleease, your sarvant.

AWD DAISY.

AN ECLOGUE.

By the late Rev. T. Browne, Hull.

Goorgy. Weel met, good Robert; saw ye my awd meer?
I've lated her an hoor, i' t' loonin here;
But howsumivver, spite of all my care,
I cannot spy her nowther heead nor hair.

Robert. Whaw, Goorgy, I've te teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I's varra seer will make ye muse :
I just this minnet left your poor awd tyke,
Dead as a steen, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

Goorgy. Whoor ! what's that, Robin ? tell us owre ageean ;
You're joking, or you've mebbly been mistean.

Robert. Nay, marry, Goorgy, I seer I can't be wrang,
You kno I've keyn'd awd Daisy now se lang ;
Her bread-ratch'd feeace, an' twa white hinder legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

Goorgy. Poor thing ! what deead then ?—had she laid
there lang ?

Whorabouts is she ? *Robert,* will ye gang ?

Robert. I care nut, Goorgy, I han't mich te dea,
A good hour's labour, or may happen twea ;
Bud as I nivver like to hing behynd,
When I can dea kaundness tiv a frynd,
An' I can help ye, wi' my hand or team,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heam.

Goorgy. Thank ye, good *Robert.* I can't think belike,
How t' poor awd creature tumbled inte t' dyke.

Robert. Ye maund she'd fun hersen just gaun te dee,
An' sea laid down by t' side, (as seeams to me,)
An' when she felt the pains o' death within,
She'd fick'd an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

Goorgy. Meast lickly ; bud—what, was she dead outreet,
When ye furst gat up ? when ye gat t' furst seet ?

Robert. Youse hear : as I was gaun down't looan I spy'd
A scoore or mair o' crows by t' gutter side ;
All se thrang, hoppin in, and hoppin out,
I wonder'd what i' the warld they were about.
I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead ;
An' as they pick'd its een, and pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift its leg, and give a greean ;
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor Dais !—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out.
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.
But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin owre her head.

Goorgy. Aye, marry ! this I nivver wish'd to see,
She's been se good, se true a frynd te me ?
An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer ?
Thou's been a trusty sarvant monny a year,

An' better treatment thou's deserv'd fra me,
 Than thus neglected in a dyke te dee!
 Monny a daywark we ha' wrought together,
 An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
 Monny a lang dree mahle, owre moss an' moor,
 An' monny a hill and deecal we've travell'd owre;
 But now, weeas me! thou'll nivver trot ne mair,
 Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair;
 And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
 I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam.
 Ne mair thou'l bring me cooals fra' Blakay brow,
 Or sticks fra't wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.
 My poor awd Daise! afoor I dig thy greeave,
 Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave;
 Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
 'Twill mak' a cover te my awd airm chair,
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te weear,
 When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour fleer.
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carcasse pleeace,
 'At thy poor beeans may lig, and rist i' peaace;
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat thee out,
 An' rahve thy flesh, an' trail thy beeans about.
 Thou's been se faithful for se lang te me,
 Thou sannut at thy death neglected be;
 Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now can fynd,
 Wad be mair trusty or mair true a frynd.

THE INVASION.

AN ECLOGUE.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?—VIRG.

A wanton wether had disdain'd the bounds
 That kept him close confin'd to Willy's grounds;
 Broke through the hedge, he wander'd far away,
 He knew not whither, on the public way.
 As Willy strives, with all attentive care,
 The fence to strengthen, and the gap repair,
 His neighbour Roger, from the fair return'd,
 Appears in sight, in riding graith adorn'd;
 Whom, soon as Willy fast approaching spies,
 Thus to his friend, behind the hedge, he cries:
 Willy. Hoo de ye, Roger? ha' ye been at t' fair?
 Hoo gangs things? meead ye onny bargains there?

Roger Ah knaw nut, Willy ; things deeant luke ower weel,
 Coorn satles fast, thof beeans 'll fetch a deecal ;
 Te sell t' awd intack barley Ah desaund,
 But cudn't git a price te suit my maund ;
 What wi' rack rents, an' sike a want o' trade,
 Ah knawn't hoo yan's te git yan's landlords paid ;
 Mare ower an' that, they say i't spring o't year,
 Franch is intarmin'd on't te 'tack us here.

Willy. Yea, mun ! what are they cummin hither for ?
 Depend on't they'd far better nivver stor.

Roger. True, Willy ; nobbut Inglishmen 'll stand
 By yan another, o' ther own good land ;
 They'll never suffer (Ah's be bun to say)
 The Franch to tak a single sheep away ;
 Feightin for heeame, upo' ther awn fair field,
 All t' pow'r i' France cud nivver mak 'em yield.

Willy. Whah, seer you cannot think, when put te t' pinch,
 'An onny Inglishman 'll ivver flinch !
 If t' Franch deea cum here, Roger, Ah'll be hang'd,
 An' they deeant git ther sens reeght soondly bang'd.
 Ah can't bud think, (thof Ah may be misteean,)
 Nut monny on 'em 'll get back ageean.

Roger. Ah think nut, Willy ; bud sum fowks say,
 Our Inglish fleet let Franch ships get away,
 When they wor laid (thoo knaws) i' Bantry Bay,
 'At they cud nivver all hae geen 'em t' slip,
 Bud t' Inglish wanted nut t' tak a ship.

Willy. Eah ! that's all lees !

Roger. Ah dunnot say it's true,
 It's all unknown to syke as me and you.
 Hoo deea we knaw when fleets deea reeght or wrang ?
 Ah whooap it's all on't fause, but seea talks gang.
 Hoosivver, this Ah knaw, 'at when they please,
 Oor sailors awlus beat 'em upo' t' seeas ;
 And if they nobbut sharply leek aboot,
 They need n't let a single ship cum oot.
 For Howe, lang sen, thoo knaws, did bang 'em weel,
 An' Jarvis meead the braggadoshas feel ;
 An' Duncan beeat th' Franch at Camperdown,
 Whilst Nelson gat in Egypt vast renown ;
 An' tho' at last, poor fellow, he did fall,
 He liv'd, thenk God, until he beat 'em all !
 Why varry latly our brave lads hev ta'en
 Th' fleets and stoors belonging te th' Dean ;

An' yet they'll drub 'em weel, Ah dunnot fear,
An' keep 'em fairly off fra' landin' here.

Willy. Ah whoop seea, Roger; but an' if they deea
Cum ower, Ah then sal sharpen my awd leea.
What thof Ah can bud ov a lahtle booast,
Ye knaw yan wad'nt hae that lahtle lost:
Ah's send oor Mally an' all t' bairns away,
An' Ah mysen 'll by the yamsteead stay.
Ah'll feight if need; an' if Ah fall, wha then,
Ah's suffer all the warst mishap mysen;
Was Ah bud seer my wife and bairns wor seeaf,
Ah then sud be te dee content eneeaf.

Roger. Reeght, Willy, mun!—what an' they put us teea't,
Ah will mysen put forrad mah best feeat.
What thof Ah's awd, Ah's nut seea easily scar'd;
On his awn midden' an' awd cock feights hard.
They say a Franchman's turn'd a different man,
A braver, better soldier, ten te yan;
But let the Franch be turn'd to what they will,
They'll find 'at Inglishmen are Inglish still;
O' ther awn grund they'll nowther flinch nor flee,
They'll owther congker, or they'll bravely dee.

A COCK AND BULL STORY.

What dusteh think, Dick?—Whiah Ah noant, Tom.—
Whiah then Ah'll tell thee. Yesterneet, a bit afoore it wur
dark, a Foomerd gat croppen up intot' Hen-Bawks, an'
freeten'd t' ode Cock doon intot' Ows Beeas, an' meead him
breckt' band, an' dingt deer off t' creaks; awea E went full
smack ower't Yat, (brack t' sneck and twa slices off,) reight
intot' Fofe Clooas; he ran owert' Pleeaf, an' cut yan
ov his legs sadly o' t' Cooter. Jooan Chopsticks and t'
wreet wur cumming wee his little weffing dog, and freeten'd
him thruff t' gap into t' Coo-pastur, an't Bull set up a great
beeal, an' set off wee him. Our lads ran efter 'em, an' it
wur hoo thoo! an' noo thoo! a greeat while, tilt' ows lowpt
owert' hedge intil a line-dike, and Bull efter him, reeght
atop on his back. They meead a bonny blash i' t' dike.—
T' lads ran yam an' fetcht a cart reeap, an' threw't owert
bull hoorns, an' seeah gat him oot ageean; but t' ows gat
awea fra' 'em, an' ran ontot' moor, an' trade an ode steg to
deeath; bud thare wur a goodly bargains on him, for he

wur good for nowt! Then he lowpt ower a high stee into a tatee clooas, an' thade been macking a tatee pie E yah corner, an' he gat atop on't, an' ommost trade it all te bits. Man 'at oand clooas cum and roister'd like mad, an' sware he'd mack oor maister pay for all 't tatees. What cud we say tot' fellah? for he seeam'd quiet lunjies, an' Ah thowt heed stuckent 'ows wi't muckfork heed in his hand. Bud when his passion wur keeal'd a bit, he sed, "Cum me lads, let's try if weh can't drive him into t' helm an' catch him, that yeh may get him yam ageean." Seeah, efter a greeat deal te deea, we gat him droven intot' helm, an't beeast wur ommost freeten'd oot on't wits, an' wur all on a muck sweeat, an' trimmel'd like an Espin leeaf; we put a helter aboot his heead, an' led him doon t' moor looan, an' a lang, dree. dowly way it is, an' as mucky as mucky! At last we gat him yam, an' wur all reeght tir'd wi't jubberment we'd had. When we'd tell'd oor maister all about it, he sed, "You've had a weant deecal a trouble aboot this rotten beast; fassen him in his beegas ageean, an' give him sum hay, an' mack yast back, for here's a yat yall posset for yer supper."

THE HIREING.

A Dialogue between JOHN and ROBIN, two Husbandmen.

John. Robin, you've don'd yoursen reeght seean,
 Ah sudden't wonder bud you've left awd deeame,
 An's boon, mayhap, te seek a pleeace:
 An' if seea, Rob, its just my kease.
 Se, if ye like, we'll gang tegether,
 An' tawk, like greeat folks, about t' weather.

Robin. Why, John, you've gest; Ah've left awd lass,
 For things wor cum to sike a pass,
 That for my life Ah cudden't stay,
 An' se, thou sees, Ah's cum'd away.

John. Why, Robin, Ah cud like to hear
 What's made ye leeave your place this year;
 For Ah thought ye'd a merry life,
 An' bid fair there te get a wife.

Robin. An' seea Ah did at furst, thou sees,
 Till deeame brought back hur bonny niece
 Fra Scarbro', where she went tid Spaws,
 To drink soat watter Ah suppose;

And ever sen that bonny lass
 Tid farm did cum, t' awd crazy ass
 Has ta'en it in hur silly head,
 That Ah wi' Nancy wad get wed.
 Bud Ah fun out, before 'twas lang,
 That deeame did wish te wed hur man;
 Bud Ah was not ower fond o' th' stuff,
 Which put t' awd lady in a huff.
 Nay, yance she teld me hur awnsen,
 If Ah thought weel o' th' match, why then
 She quickly wad give me hur hand,
 Five hundred pounds, wi' house an' land;
 And, Bob, says she, it's no bad chance,
 Better behawf than marrying Nance;
 For she has nowther coo nor horse,
 An' varry lahtle in hur purse;
 Bud Ah expect thou'li counsel keep,
 An' leek afoore thou taks that leek.
 An' se Ah did, and went away;
 For as Ah didden't like her, John,
 Ah thought it best for te begone,
 An' leave my deeame and hur niece Nance,
 An' at these statts tak my chance.

Now it fell out that very day,
 As through the fair they took their way,
 Young Robin with a country 'Squire
 Had the good fortune for to hire.
 On Whitsun-Monday, at a dance,
 He chanc'd to meet his sweetheart Nance;
 She liv'd hard by, and so, you see,
 Robin and her did quickly agree;
 Rob clapt love to her, and next year
 This loving couple married were;
 At which his deeame did rave like mad,
 But dying—left 'em all she had.

THE BELLMAN OF RIPON.

The Bellman's Cry at Ripon, in Yorkshire, in a great Frost and fall of Snow.

I is to gie notidge, that Joanie Pickergill yeats yewn to
 neit, to moarn at moarn, an' to moarn at neit, an' nea langer,
 as long as storm hods, cause he can git na mair eldin.

The Translation.

I am to give notice, that John Pickersgill heats his oven to-night, to-morrow morning, and to-morrow at night, and no longer, as long as the storm lasts, because he can get no more fuel.

A DIALOGUE

On the present indecent Mode of Dress.

Simon. Good morrow, Johnny, hoo deea ye deea?
If you're boon my rooad, A'll gang wi' ye.
Hoo cawd this morning t' wind dus blaw;
Ah think we seean sal hae sum snaw.

Johnny. Heigh, Simon, seea we sal ere lang.
Ah's boon to t' toon; Ah wish ye'd gang,
For Ah've a dowghter leeatly deead,—
Ah's boon te git her coffin meead.

Simon. Heigh! Johnny, deead! whah seer you're wrang,
For she wur wi' us e'er seea lang;
An' oft wi' her, i' yonder booer,
Ah've jooak'd an' laugh'd full monny an hoor.
Bud first, good Johnny, tell me this,
What meead her dee? what's been amiss?

Johnny. To tell thee, Simon, noo Ah's boon:—
Thoo sees Ah sent her to yon toon
To t' skeeal, an' next to leearn a trade,
By which she was te git her breead;
Bud when she first com yam to me,
She had neea petticoats, ye see;
At first Ah fan she'd bud her smock,
An' ower that her tawdry frock;
Sike wark as this it rais'd my passion,
An' then she tell'd me—it was t' fassion;
Besides her apron, efter all,
She'd quite misteean it for a shawl;
A sartin sign she sense did lack,
She'd teean and thrown it ower hur back;
Hur shoon had soles sa varra thin,
They'd nought keep out, but let wet in;
And round her neck she lapp'd a ruff
Of rabbit skin, or sum sike stuff;
Instead of wearing a good cloak,
Te keep hur warm when she did walk,

Fra heame to market, or to fair,
 Or yance a week to church repair.
 Besides, thoo sees, she had neea stays,
 An' scarce eneeaf by hoaf of clais;
 An' hur white hat turn'd up befoore,
 All meead her leek just like a wh—re!

Simon. Wha, Johnny, stop, you'r oot o' breath;
 Bud hoo com she te git hur deeath?

Johnny. Wha, Simon, stay; an' thoo sal hear:
 I't next pleace mun hur breests wor bare;
 Hur neeked airms teea she lik'd te show,
 E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did blaw;
 An' when Ah talk'd about it then,
 (You see Ah's awlus by my sen,)
 Hur mother awlus leean'd hur way,
 It matter'd nowght what Ah'd to say.
 Ah tell'd my wife hoo it wad be,
 An' seea she can't lig't bleeam o' me;
 Says Ah, foore she's twice ten years awd,
 She's seer te git hur deeath o' cawd.
 For this mishap Ah bleeam that feeal,
 For spoiling hur at Boording Skeecal;
 Noo hed she meead hur larn hur letters,
 Instead o' dressing like hur betters,
 She'd nut se seean hae gitten cawd,
 An' meaby liv'd till she wor awd.
 Ah's seer its all greeat fowk's pursuit,
 To hev, like Eve, a birth-day suit.

Simon. Thoo's reeght, good Johnny, reeght Ah say,
 That Ah've obsarv'd afoore to-day;
 An' noo i' toon, as each yan passes,
 Yan can't tell ladies fra bad lasses;
 An' oft Ah've thought, when t' cawd wind blows,
 They'd deea reeght weel te freeghten craws;
 For it wad blaw 'em seea aboot,
 Nea cashun then ther'd be te shoot.
 Just seea if that thee and me
 An ugly monstrous thing sud see,
 Away we beath sud run reeght fast,
 As lang as ever we cud last.

Johnny. Hey, Simon, seea we sud, Ah seear;
 Bud noo to t' toon we're drawing neear,
 Thoo needn't tell what Ah hev sed
 Aboot my dowghter being deead.

Good morrow, Simon, fare thee weel;
Ah sa, noo mind thoo doesn't tell.

Simon. Neea that Ah weean, whahl Ah hev breeath,
Ah'll nobbut say—*She's starv'd te deeach.*

DARBY AND JOAN, AND THEIR DAUGHTER NELL.

A Dialogue.

In a village in Yorkshire a farmer did dwell,
Whose wife was call'd Joan, and their daughter call'd Nell;
She was mother's pet, and so, dey'e see,
At sixteen years old wish'd a lady to be;
But her dancing and dressing sore griev'd the man,
Who to vent his complaint to Joan thus began:

Darby. Joan, Ah noo hev thought sea mich about it,
Ah seerly never mair shall doot it;
At moorn an' neeght, an' neeght an' moorn,
Ah sumtimes wish Ah'd ne'er been boorn.

Joan. Whah, Darby, prethee let me see,
Ah whoap it's nowght 'at's bad o' me.

Darby. Thee, Joan! neea marry, neea sike thing;
Think bad o' thee! 'twad be a sin!
Ah think indeed Ah was a feeal
Too send oor Nell to t' Boordin'-Skeeal;
Sike mauky feeals as them, Ah think,
Hae fill'd her head with pride and stink;
For, sin she went, she's grown sea fine,
She can't deea noo without her wine,
When t' dinners ower'd; an' she's sea nice,
She weant eat puddin meead o' rice;
Thof when at skeeal, an' put t' pinch,
Fra sike gud stuff she'd nivver flinch;
An' all her nooations are seea rais'd,
It's fit to drive her fathther craz'd.
Nut 'at Ah care about t' fond lass,
Neea mair then this—it taks my bras;
An' wi' her fine lang labbring tail,
She'll git her father into t' jail.

Joan. Whah, Darby, bud thoo knaws there's t' 'Squire,
An' he mayhap will Nell admire;
An' efter all their noise an' strife,
Thoo knaws t' young 'Squire wants a wife.

Then let's be seer te mak her smart,
 An' teych her hoo te play her paart;
 Te draw him on she seean will leearn,
 An' then, thoo knaws, 'at t' wark is deean.
 Hooseer, Ah'll try an' deea my best,
 An' leeave to thee to mannish t' rest.

Darby. Bud then suppooase oor plot sud fail,
 An' me for det be sent te t' jail,
 Poor Nell wad nivver be a wife,
 An' hev te labour all hur life;
 For efter bein seea browght up,
 Hoo can she ivver bide te stoop?
 Te gang te sarvice, or te spin,
 Or ivver te deea onny thing?

Joan. Wha, Darby, leeave it all te me,
 Ah'll mannish t' weel, an' that thoo'll see.

And so she did, as fame reports;
 For the 'Squire being fond of rural sports,
 Did sometimes to the farm repair,
 (After a chace of fox or hare,)
 And she invited him to dine.
 On Nell's birth-day—they'd pie and chine.
 The young 'Squire lik'd the fare so well,
 That he soon after married Nell;
 And as they drove to church doon t' looan,
 Old Darby cried—*Weel deean, oor Joan!*

THE SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

A TALE, BY D. LEWIS.

[*This Tale is founded on fact, and happened at Leeming Lane, a few years ago.*]

A sweeper's lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet;
 He call'd to see a good awd deeam,
 'At monny a time had trigg'd his weame;
 (For he wor then fahve miles fra yam.)
 He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimlers sweep.
 They supper'd him wi' country fare,
 Then show'd him tul his hooal i' t' lair.

He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pooak o' seeat beneath his heead;
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
 The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood,
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood.
 Aboot midneeght, or nearer moorn,
 Two thieves brack in te steeal ther coorn;
 Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
 Seean they te winder fell te wark;
 An' wishing they'd a lad te fill,
 Young brush, (whea yet had ligg'd quite still,)
 Thinkin' 'at men belang'd te t' hoose,
 An' that he noo mud be o' use,
 Jump'd doon directly on te t' fleear,
 An' t' thieves beeath ran oot at deear;
 Nur stopt at owt nur thin nur thick,
 Fully convinc'd it wor awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght seean
 T' t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean;
 Maister an' men then quickly raise,
 An' ran te t' lair wi' hawf ther cleelas.
 Twea horses, secks, an' leeght they fand,
 Which had been left by t' thievish band;
 These round i' t' neybourheead they cried,
 Bud nut an awner e'er applied;
 For neean durst horses awn or secks,
 They wor so freeeghten'd o' ther necks.
 They seld the horses, an', of course,
 Put awf o' the brass i' Sooty's purse;
 Desiring when he com that way,
 He'd awlus them a visit pay,
 When harty welcum he sud have,
 Because he did ther barley save.
 Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
 An' oft to leeak at 'em did stand,
 As beecame he wistling teak his way;
 Blessin' t' awd deecame wha let him stay,
 An' sleep i' t' lair, when, late o' t' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoos had leeam'd his feet.

THE POCKET-BOOKS.

A Dialogue, occasioned by a new Pocket-Book being thrown into a desk where an old one had been laid.

BY D. LEWIS.

New Pocket-Book. Why am I here a captive plac'd,
And with such company disgrac'd?

I may with reason now complain;

Fine books, like men, were made in vain.

Old Pocket-Book. Thy keease, kind frind, can't be se hard,
As thy new maister is a bard;

The ass-skin leeavs 'at thoo'll conteean

He'll write 'em ower an' ower ageean,

Wi' sonnets, epigrams, an' odes,

Wi' elegies an' episodes;

Thoo'll beear the copies ov his sangs,

An' gang wi' him where'er he gangs.

If there sud be a country fair,

He ten te yan 'll tak thee there;

Keep thee on high an' hollidays,

When he puts on his better cleesas;

If bill or nooat fall to his share,

He will commit it to thy care,

Till monny years, when thou may be

As ragg'd an' just as poor as me.

Dooant let grief reign, nor thy heart ache,

He'll keep thee for thy giver's seeak.

New Pocket-Book. Dost thou compare thyself to me?

If thou could'st but thy picture see,

Thy ragged coat, thy dirty look,

Scarce worthy of the name of book.

And must I to the fields retire,

Be prostituted to the lyre,

Companion of rustic swain,

And ne'er return to town again?

Old Pocket-Book. True, thoo of heigher kin may boost,

Of finer shape, an' bigger cost;

Thoo's neeat an' smart, Ah mun alloo,

Bud thoo will quit that bonny hue,

When thoo, like me, hes hardships boorn,

An' been by toil an' labour'woorn;

I't hoose or field, by streeam or wood,
 Ah constant i' my station stood;
 An' nivver did mah aid refuse
 Te sarve mah maister, an' the muse.
 Te gratify the rhyming streean,
 He wrate an' rubb'd, an' wrate ageean;
 That Ah, like him, lang time hev toil'd,
 Which hes mah yance-fine lustre spoil'd.
 Thoo's yet a stranger to the world,
 Where things appear unequal hurl'd;
 Still different stations ther mun be,
 Thof monny mair 'll freat like thee.
 Then dooant lament thy turns of fate,
 Bud reconcile thee to thy state.

ADDRESS TO RICHES.

Bonny lass, wi' yallow hair,
 Iv thoo hez an hoor te spare,
 Pray lig aside thy shyness;
 Ah'll call thee riches, munny, gold,
 Or onny neeame by which thoo's told,
 Or owt te please thy highness.
 Thoo hardly heeds the tryin hoor
 O' sons o' Genius, when they're poor
 Thoo seldom will restoere 'em;
 Bud them that nivver sout thy smile,
 Blockheads an' dunces, live i' style,
 Had fadders boorn afore 'em.
 It's munney maks the meer te gang,
 Maks rang seeam reeght, an' reeght seeam rang;
 There's nowght i' t' world can match it.
 E tackin munney maist fowks prize—
 If onny body it despise,
 It's 'cause they cannut catch it.
 Forseeak the mizar's clooase retreat,
 The coffers ov the guilty greeat,
 Wi' plund'rin fill'd, or gamlin;
 Sike gert fowks haz abuse the state,
 On whea the men o' munney waite,
 That keeps poor fowks cramlin'.
 Ah dunnot want a gert estate,
 For if Ah did, thoo'd let me wait,
 That Ah may seeafly lend thee;

Nut ower mitch, to mack me proud;
 Leeak ower t' meean a man a crood,
 But just ensenf to mend me.

Cum wi' a swarm o' lucks an' looaves,
 That oft gangs wi' thee when thoo moves,
 Or cum thysen wi' single hand;
 O' guinea noots tack thoo the shap,
 Or o' king's pictures a gert slap,
 Or ten punds bank of England.

Then frends se shy, i' time o' need,
 Will gi' me what E want wi' speed,
 An' stick as clooase as hunny;
 Gi' ther advice, ther cash, ther yal,
 Or heear or tell a merry teal,
 An' all through thee—sweet munny!

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

Scoolin maid, o' iron brow,
 Thy sarvant will address thee now,
 For thoo invites the freedom,
 By drivin off my former friends,
 To leeak to ther awn private ends,
 Just when Ah chane'd to need 'em.

Ah've hed thy cumpany ower lang,
 Ill leakin weean! thoo must be rang,
 Thus to cut short my jerkin.
 Ah ken thee weel—Ah knaw thy ways,
 Thoo's awlus kept back cash and cleelas,
 An' foorc'd me to hard workin.

To gain o' thee a yal day's march
 Ah strave, bud thoo's se varra arch,
 For all Ah still strave faster;
 Thoo's tript my heels and meead me stop,
 By small slain coorn, or failin crop,
 Or ivv'ry foul disaster.

If Ah my maund may freely speek,
 Ah recally dunnut like thy leeak,
 Whativver shap thoo's slipt on;
 Thoo's awd an' ugly, deef an' blind,
 A feeind afoore, a freeght behind,
 An' focul as Mudder Shipton.

Fooaks say, an' it is nowght bad truth,
 Thoo hes been wi' me from my youth,
 An' gi'en me monny a thumper;
 Bud noo thoo cums, wi' all thy weight,
 Fast fallin' frae a fearful height,
 A downreeght Milton plumper.

Sud plenty, frae her copious hoorn,
 Teeam oot te me good crops o' coorn,
 An' prosper weel my cattle,
 An' send a single thousand pund,
 'Twad bring all things compleeatly roound,
 An' Ah wad gi' thee battle.

Noo, Poverty, ya thing Ah beg,
 Like a poor man withoot a leg,
 See prethee daun't deeeave me;
 Ah knaw it's i' thy poower te grant
 The lahtle faver 'at Ah want—
 'At thoo wad gang an' leeave me.

THE RACE.

Noo, Bob, my lad, to-moorn's the day,
 All t' spoort at t' race we'll see;
 Wi' t' lark we'll rise, an' trudge away,
 An' varra fine we'll be.
 Te see 'em ride, thoo knaws, seea fast,
 As roound about they'll gang,
 They'll whip an' spur, te nut be last,
 Ah say noo! dust t' lang!
 What fouks all fine we theer sal see,
 I' diffurent colours drest;
 An' lasses, te cheat sike as thee,
 Will be all i' ther best.
 An' theer we'll stop while t' races last,
 An' all't fine fouks are geean;
 Fra thence to t' fair we'll trudge reet fast,
 Te reeach it afoore neean.
 Tegither then that day we'll keep,
 Wi' sticks i' hand seea fine;
 At sum o' t' shows we'll tak a pēep,
 Ah's seer that day we'll shine!
 Theer solgers will be ganging oot,
 Wi' drums an' fifes seea grand,
 Recrutin for young lads aboot,
 Te fight by seea an' land.

Noo wi' impatience we deea wait
 The cummin o' that day;
 We'll off seea seean, an' stop seea-late,
 Cum, Bob, noo let's away.

THE FAIR.

Ye loit'rin minnits faster flee,
 Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,
 That wait impatient for the moorning;
 Te-moorn's the lang, lang wish'd for fair,
 Ah'll try te shine the foormust theer,
 Mysen i' finest cleesas adorning,
 Te grace the day.

Ah'll put my best white stockings on,
 A pair o' new cawf-letther shoon,
 My cleean-wesh'd goon o' printed cotton;
 About my neck a muslin shawl,
 A new silk hankecher ower all,
 Wi' sike a careless air Ah'll put on,
 Ah'll shine that day.

My paartner Ned, Ah knaw, thinks he,
 "Ah'll mak mysen secure o' thee,"
 He's often sed h'd treeat me rarely;
 Bud Ah sal think ov other fun,
 Ah'll yaim for sum rich farmer's son,
 An' cheeat oor simple Neddy fairly,
 Seea sly that day.

Why sud Ah nut succeed as weel,
 An' get a man full oot genteel,
 As awd John Darby's dowghter Nelly;
 Ah think mysen as good as she,
 She can't mak cheese or spin like me,
 That's mair 'an beauty, let me tell ye,
 On onny day.

Then, hey! for spoorts an' puppy shows,
 An' temptin spice-stalls rang'd i' rows,
 An' danglin dolls, by t' necks all hangin;
 A thoosand other pratty seeghts,
 An' lasses, trail'd along the streets,
 Wi' lads, te t' yal-hoose gangin,
 Te drink that day.

Let's leeak at t' winder—Ah can see't,
 It seeams as thof 'twas growin leeght,
 The cloods wi' eearly rays adoornin;
 Ye loit'ring minnits faster flee,
 Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,
 'At wait impatient for the moornin,
 O' sike a day!

SONG.

When Ah wor a wee lahtle totterin bairn,
 An' hed nobbut just gotten short froeks,
 When te gang Ah at first was beginnin to lairn,
 O' my broo Ah gat monny hard knocks.
 Bud se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was I,
 Ah was awlus a tumblin down then;
 While my mother wad twattle me gently, an' cry,
 "Honey, Jenny, tack care o' thysen."
 Bud wen Ah grew bigger, an' gat te be strang,
 'At Ah cannily ran all about
 By mysen, wheer Ah lik'd, then awlus mud gang,
 Withoot being tell'd aboot owt.
 When, hooivver, Ah com to be sixteen year awd,
 An' rattl'd an' ramp'd amang men,
 My mother wad call o' me in an' wad scaud,
 An' cry—"Huzzay! tak care o' thysen."
 Ah've a sweetheart cums noo upo' Setterday neeghts,
 An' he swears 'at he'll mack me his wife;
 My mam grows se stingy, she scauds an' she fleeghts,
 An' twitters me out o' my life.
 Bud she may leeak soor, an' consait hersen wise,
 An' preeach ageean likin' young men;
 Sin Ah's grown a woman, her clack Ah'll despise,
 An' Ah's—marry!—tack care o' mysen.

A LETTER,

Discovered in the Library of a deceased Nobleman, and supposed to have been written during the Rebellion.

MY LOORD,

Ye knaw theer's an awd proverb—a man can dea nea mare nea he can dea—wur Ah the d—l hissen. Ah can na mack men gang an' they ha' nea mind to't; as angry as ye

seeam wi' me, gin ye'd beean heer yerson, ye cud na mack
 'em stir yan feeat, tho ye hed sworn yer heart oot; when
 Ah reead tull 'em yer Loordship's last letter, they tost ther
 heeads an' gang ther gate, but yance gane they care nat a
 fart what Ah say tul 'em. Ah reead tul 'em twice yer
 Loordship's last orders, an' they haunded me t' Act o' Par-
 lement, ye knaw what Ah meean; co' Ah tul 'em is it sea
 te dea, the deaal gang wi' ye all, for ther's nea dippendance
 on 'em. Yer Loordship may rist assuured of my indivvers,
 that Ah will be wi' ye the day efter Munday wi' all Ah'm
 cappable o' bringin alang wi' me; i' t' meeanime subscribe
 mysen yer Loordship's most obedent vassal an' humble
 sarvant te cummand,

— — — — —, *Chief Constable.*

THE YORKSHIRE TIKE.

Ah iz i' truth a country youth,
 Neean us'd teea Lunnon fashions;
 Yet vartue guides, an' still presides,
 Ower all mah steps an' passions.
 Neea coortly leear, bud all sinceere,
 Neea bribe shall ivver bliand me;
 If thoo can like a Yorkshire tike,
 A rooague thoo'll nivver finnd me.
 Thof envy's tung, seea slimlee hung,
 Wad lee about oor country,
 Neea men o' t' eearth boost greter wurth,
 Or mare extend ther boounty.
 Oor northern breeze wi' uz agrees,
 An' does for wark weel fit uz;
 I' public cares, an' all affairs,
 Wi' honor we acquit uz.
 Seea gret a maund is ne'er confiand
 Tiv onny shire or nation;
 They geean meeast praise weea weel displays
 A leearnid iddication.
 Whahl raucour rolls i' lahtle souls,
 By shallo views dissarning,
 They're nobbut wise 'at owlus prize
 Gud manners, sense, and leearnin.

A GLOSSARY.

Ah and E—I
 Asseer—assure
 Ax—ask
 Aboon—above
 Airms—arms
 Ah's afe—I am afraid
 Awn—own
 Awd—old
 Awlus—always
 Asta—hast thou
 Advertahs'd—advertis'd
 Beeak—bake
 Beeons—bones
 Breead-ratch'd—broad
 strip'd
 Bairns—children
 Bang—to thrash
 Boöer—bower
 Behawf—by half
 Boorn—born
 Boöast—boast
 Bonny—pretty
 Beeas—or stall
 Broo—brow
 Beclarted—bedaubed
 Crake—crow
 Congker—conquer
 Cleeas—clothes
 Cawd—cold
 Chimler—chimney
 Ceauke—cook
 Cragg—rock
 Coorn—corn
 Cawfe—calf
 Com—came
 Consait—conceit
 Donnot—fool
 Dowly—dismal
 Deea—do
 Dyke—ditch or pond
 Deer—door
 Ding—throw
 Daft—foolish
 Dean—done
 Deeame—dame
 Draff—grains
 Duz—does
 Doon—down
 Dee—die
 Din—noise
 Dree—long
 Dusta—does thou
 Don'd—drest
 Een—eyes
 Ey—yes
 Eldin—fuel

Eneeaf—enough
 Ewer—udder
 Feeat—foot
 Fra—from
 Fawt—fault
 Fain—glad
 Finnd, fand, fund—found
 Flung—thrown
 Flay'd—afraid
 Feeal—fool
 Fleeght—to scold
 Fleer—to laugh
 Fahve—five
 Forrad—forward
 Fowk—people
 Freeat—fret
 Fause—false
 Gang—to go
 Gann—going
 Gowa—let us go
 Giggie—to laugh
 Gowpin—two handful
 Gawvison—a fool
 Garth—yard
 Geen—given
 Hoosivver and Hoom-
 sumivver—however
 Heeigh—high
 Heeame—home
 Hey—yes
 Iddicasion—education
 Ken—churn
 Kirk—church
 Knaw—know
 Keease—case
 Lahtle—little
 Lated—sought
 Lig—lie
 Looaning—lane
 Leeght—light
 Lair—a barn
 Leeatly—lately
 Leeak—look
 Leeaf—loaf
 Leea—scythe
 Mah—my
 Mannish—manage
 Mebby—perhaps
 Meer—a mare
 Mistean—mistaken
 Mud—might
 Mauke—whimsical
 Mitch—much
 Mare—more
 Moorn—morning
 Muck—dirt

Meead—made
 Mack—make
 Maund—mind
 Mahle—mile
 Nobbut—only
 Nowther—neither
 Nell—Helen
 Nivver—never
 Neeght—night
 Neea—no
 Nooations—ideas
 Neen—nine
 Oor—our
 Ower—over
 Pairlour—parlour
 Preeav'd—prov'd
 Prood—proud
 Prethe—I pray thee
 Rahve—tear
 Reckon creak—a crook
 suspended from a beam
 within the chimney, to
 hang pots and pans on
 Reeght—right
 Sare—sore
 Sarrad—serted
 Steyk t' deer—shut the
 door
 Skeeal—school
 Seck—sack
 Sal—shall
 Slaw—slow
 Sum—some
 Sike—such
 Seea—so
 Soondly—soundly
 Scand—scold
 Seer—sure
 Ther—their
 Thowght—thought
 Tike—an old horse or
 mare, a man
 Teeastrill—villain
 Twee—two
 Teych—teach
 Weshing—washing
 Whoor—where
 Winder—window
 Woul—wool
 Whoop—hope
 Weean—will not
 Yal—whole, and ale
 Yan—one
 Yation—Ayton
 Yode—an old horse
 Yat—hot



